

returns could be secured to Texas cat-

returns could be secured to Texas cattle feeders. In order to popularize the production of baby beef, therefore, a prominent breeder in Coleman county started a baby beef contest among the farm boys. The boys purchased their calves by giving notes payable when the calves were marketed as baby beef. The idea proved successful from the first, and the annual boys' encampment and baby beef contest, held at Fort Worth under

the auspices of the National Feeders' and Breeders' show, has increased each year in attendance and exhibits. Last March 300 boy feeders of pigs and baby bees gathered to receive instructions and to show their stock. Over 100 well-finished baby bees of excellent type were exhibited. In a number of the classes the boys competed with their calves against older and more experienced feeders. Twenty ribbons were won in these classes by

club members. Three brothers from Clay county won two firsts and two seconds, and one of these brothers also obtained the grand championship in the competition among club members only. According to the custom at fat-stock shows, the cattle were sold in the open market. The boys' stock brought a price averaging above the top of the regular market, the extra price being \$1.44 per lb. over the regular price.

being justified by the quality of the carcasses. On the hoof the cattle weighed about 850 pounds per head, and the dressing percentage was 60.8.

Journal Entries

Some of the milk that is spilled is worth a tear or two.

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The less advice a man gives the more of it is likely to be accepted.

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Generally, the folk with the most lavish hands can ill-afford to have them.

Another lucky fellow is the one who can say the right thing at the right time.

A signature's real value is measured by the size of the check it can make

Jayhawker Jots

The Utica Enterprise points out that the man who respects the rights of others experiences little difficulty in securing the consideration due himself.

A Carnegie medal for Tommy Hart of Randall. He is one honest fisherman. The Randall News quotes him as saying: "I went fishing on the Fourth over by the Beloit mill and never got a bite."

cheerful, noisy, happy, and a few of the boys when a woman in a particularly noticeable sheath gown passed. Simultaneously Wood turned to Stone and Stone turned to Wood, then both turned to rubber.

Cheyenne, Jewell county, has some thing to report to The Randolph News's correspondent these reports.

While working in the alfalfa, Mr. McCorkle found a reptile unknown to this part of the woods. Its head and neck were like a snake, it had large, fourteen eggs in one day, and its appearance will guarantee that it is very poisonous.

Motorists are warned by the Con-

cordia Kansan not to try any monkey
shines while driving into Blue Rapids.
The city marshal's equipment there
includes a stop watch, and he is
afraid to use 'er, either, the Kansan
adds. He leveled it on the Central
Branch passenger the other day, and
finding it made a mile in five min-
utes, arrested the crew for loitering.
And the next day he held the watch
on a man who was cranking a Ford
and after forty minutes had closed
he walked over and told the cranked
to pick up his machine and "move
on."

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Americans abuse credit too much.
Ever hear of a woman of few words?
The weariest person is one who is tired of doing nothing.
The youngest isn't worried much about good nights for sleep.
Most people hate gossips, but listen to their stories more or less.
Early to bed and early to rise is a good motto if it is your own bed.
It is easy for a man to figure out why some other man ought to save money.
Nothing much need be said against the blackberry if one takes kindly to hardwood fruit.

A chaperon is about the only one who ever gets much credit for neglecting her work.

Conducting a successful retreat is about the best strategy a married man can hope to attain.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

It's never too late to mend, but don't put it off till you forget how.

A fellow may boast that he never tells the truth, and be lying when he says it.

It is possible for a man to be left

Everything right. You never can tell. Many a man who considers himself the soul of honor needs half-soiling.

The fellow who is satisfied to wait for something to happen seldom gets to be head waiter.

When you find yourself between the devil and the deep sea, it's just as well to take the devil's side.

God gave us hands and feet, as consequence of which the world is full of knockers and kickers.

Even though he may never go after big game, a man who takes recreation of many a man is killing time.

"Many a dog's bark is worse than his bite," quoted the Wise Guy. "Well, I prefer my bark, at that," added the Signer.

known outside the service of God. If you would expand into all the greatness and sweetness and blessedness possible to you, you can do so only by unreservedly serving the living God.

Zeal that is not real is like a painted flame, giving neither heat nor light.

Enthusiasm is the leaping lightning not to be measured by the barometer of the understanding.—Emerson.

The thing to produce brotherhood in man is to make man all around glad in life and in God.—John Kelmen.

"Wherever you are, be all there," is a modern preacher's wise advice. That is a free rendering of "Be zealously sought in a good matter at all times." Half-way living and half-way thinking, like half-way measures in everything else, usually spell whole failures.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sin.

"Now let me burn out for God!" cried Henry Martyn, the great missionary. He was a man of the olden type, the Christ passion. Great souls are willing to be consumed in great service. They are not given so much an opportunity to cry, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up."

**On the Spur
of the Moment**
BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Sister's Picture.
When sister gets her picture took
She looks just like a Gipsy book;
She twists her features like she'd squall
And don't look like herself at all.
She wears more hair than e'er before,
And gets it at the ten-cent store.
She tries to look just like a saint.

And that is what my sister ain't.
She posed like an actress.
Belonged to times of yesteryear,
And frets and fumes like all possessed,
Although the artist does his best.
She squinted and scowled, can't sit
straight,
And makes the fellow wait and wait.
I wonder if she knows it for;
The picture never looks like her.
I feel like yellin', 'Get the hook.'
When slathered her picture took.

Objected to Publicity.
A few days ago a gentleman and his
wife stopped at one of our hotels and
were shown to our upstairs.

"What in tarnation did that durned clerk mean by givin' us this kind of a room?" angrily demanded the man.

"Why, what's the matter now, Ed?" asked his wife.

"Matter. Can't you see there is only one door leadin' to the bathroom, and naturally any guest of the hotel who wants to use the bathtub has got to walk through our room to get to it. Guess they don't think we want any privacy at all."

—

Ever Reason To Refuse Him

(Pea Ridge, Ark., Pod.)
If a man rides up to you in a hurry
and yells for a bottle whisky for
his mother-in-law, who has just been
snake bitten don't you give it to him.

for if you do you will have to go to the penitentiary for a year. Anyway, no man would want his mother-in-law to get well of a snake bite, and in the second place coal oil is the proper remedy for snake bites now.

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Only on the Level.

A young school friend of mine has been reading about the Spanish In-

She is horrified. "I am so glad I didn't live in those times," she said. "I know I couldn't have stood having my people burned to death just because they felt differently about religion. I should have interferred and perhaps I should have been burned to death myself."

"Don't you feel that way because you live in a more tolerant age?" I asked. "Don't you think you might have felt differently if you had lived in an age of intolerance?"

"Of course I wouldn't," she said

indignantly. "It wouldn't have mattered when I lived. I shouldn't have believed in such things."

I know nothing could convince her otherwise. And yet—well, I know she has her religious prejudices as strong and as strong as those of the age in which she lives. She wouldn't want anyone buried to death for belonging to an alien religion—no; but she would vote to have a girl kept out of a society to which she belonged for that same reason.

In other words, she is neither above nor below, but even with, the level of religious toleration of her day. What right, then, has she to assume that she would be above the level of a tolerance of another age if she had been born then? She would have been a product of that age, just as she is of this.

I think it is a rather common form of self-deceit to fancy that the standards of tolerance, of education, etc.,

For instance, I found myself thinking that one reads in the *Black Panther* that one would still cling to in a less propitious age and environment.

For instance, I found myself thinking that one reads in the *Black Panther* that one would still cling to in a less propitious age and environment.

had to decide that I would not have arisen above the level in those days. People who are not by the back of the head, but by the back of the neck, in the lower classes' often announce that they would manage to keep themselves clean even when they are surrounded by the lack of tub and other facilities. The answer is, 'Are you more immaculate than the people with your hands in the gutter? You cannot finish the equation for yourself.'

This habit of believing that we would be better than our former age, one of many pleasant illusions which most of us like to cherish about ourselves. Perhaps it is foolish to delude them from the fact that it is a little happier, but if self-ignorance is bitter it is folly to be wise! I wonder. No, I do not. Copyright by the author.

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